VOICE OF FREEDOM.

VOL. V. "THE INVIOLABILITY OF INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS IS THE ONLY SECURITY OF PUBLIC LIBERTY." NO. 32.

J. HOLCOMB & D. S. MURRAY, Publishers. BRANDON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1844. D. S. MURRAY, Printer.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT BRANDON, VERMONT.

JEDEDIAH HOLCOMB AND WILLIAM G. BROWN, } *Editors.*

Terms.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.

One dollar and seventy-five cents in six months.

Two dollars during the last quarter.

All letters relative to the paper should be directed to Holcomb & Murray.

POETRY.

From "The Rover."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior passed away!
That soon shall lack a name!
Though flushed with pride but yesterday,
And dreams of future fame!
Stript of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, or race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier, destin'd to obey!

The light of thy fix'd eye is set,
And thou art dying *now*,
But Passion's traces linger yet
And lower upon thy brow!
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
Thy freezing lips yet seem to speak,
And clenched and cold, thy stiffen'd hand,
Now feebly bears the battle brand.

Tho' from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust thou soon shalt lie,
Dishonor'd and forlorn!
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal,
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?—
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who can not hear—
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!—
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell—
The heart bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

From "The Rover."

THE DYING SOLDIER;

OR THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

The advance of Napoleon, with his grand army, upon Moscow, the voluntary abandonment and conflagration of that splendid city, by its inhabitants, the retreat of the French, and their unparalleled sufferings, present a picture of awful grandeur and romantic interest, scarcely exceeded in the whole history of the world. To see an army of five hundred thousand men wasted away in a single campaign, mown down by thousands in the battle field, freezing by thousands and thousands in the bitter cold of a northern winter, starving by thousands along the road-side, and perishing by thousands in the rivers they had to cross, till but a mere handful of famished stragglers remain to tell the tale, is most painfully sublime.

To accompany our engravings of the "Dying Soldier," we copy a few passages from Alison's History of Europe, and have no doubt the reader, after perusing them, will turn to the engraving and dwell upon it with renewed interest.

"The day after the battle of Borodino, the Russians retired by the great road toward Moscow. The magnitude of his loss, rendered Kutusoff unwilling to risk the remainder of the army in another general action with the French, who were constantly receiving re-inforcements; but no signs of confusion marked his route; and the subsequent retreat was conducted with such perfect order, that when the French troops reached the point where the roads to Moscow and Kaluga separate, they were for some time uncertain, as they had previously been at Witepsk, which of the two the Russians had followed. Kutusoff reached a position half a league in front of Moscow, on the 13th of September, and held a council of war to deliberate the question of abandoning the town to its fate. Kutusoff & Barclay eventually insisted on a retreat, assigning as a reason, that it was indispensable to preserve the army entire until the new levies could be incorporated into its ranks, and averring that the abandonment of the metropolis, '*would lead the enemy into a snare, where his destruction would be inevitable.*' These prophetic words determined the council, and orders were given for the troops to retire in the direction of Kolomna. On the morning of the 14th, therefore, the army continued its retreat, and in silent despondency defiled through the streets of the sacred city.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the inhabitants of Moscow, when they found themselves deserted by their defenders. They had been led to believe, from the government reports, that the French were entirely defeated at Borodino, and that Napoleon's advance to Moscow was impossible; they, therefore, had not thought of preparations for quitting the city. Nevertheless, when their departure thus became unavoidable, they made exertions equal to the emergency, and in a short time, no less than three hundred thousand people left their homes.

At eleven o'clock, on the 14th, the advanced guard of the French army, from an eminence on their route, descried the minarets of the metropolis; the domes of more than two hundred churches, and the roofs of a thousand palaces glittered in the rays of the sun, and the leading squadrons, struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, halted to exclaim, 'Moscow! Moscow!' and the cry repeated from rank to rank, reached the emperor's guard.—The soldiers then broke their array, and rushed tumultuously forward, while Napoleon in the midst of them, gazed impatiently on the scene. His first words were, 'Here is that famous city at last!' but he immediately added, 'It is full time.'

The entry of the French troops into the town, however, dispelled many of their illusions. Moscow was deserted. Its long streets and splendid palaces re-echoed nothing but the clangor of the invader's march: the dwelling places of three hundred thousand people were as silent as a wilderness. Napoleon in vain waited until evening for a deputation from the magistrates, or from the chief nobility. No one came forward to deprecate his hostility, and the mournful truth finally forced itself upon him, that Moscow, as if struck by enchantment, was bereft of its inhabitants. He nevertheless advanced, and the troops took possession of the town, while he established his head-quarters at the ancient palace of the Czars.

But a terrible catastrophe was at hand. At midnight, on the 25th, a bright light illuminated the northern and western parts of the city; and the sentinels at the Kremlin, soon discovered that the splendid edifices in that vicinity were on fire. The wind changed repeatedly during the night, but to whatever quarter it veered, the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were perpetually breaking out, and Moscow was soon one sea of flame. Napoleon clung with great tenacity to the Kremlin, but the approaching and surrounding fire at last forced him to abandon it, and with some difficulty he made his escape to the country palace of Petrowsky. The conflagration continued for thirty-six hours, and laid nine-tenths of the city in ashes."

After the destruction of Moscow, Napoleon remained amid the ruins, and in the vicinity, two or three weeks, in the expectation that the government of St. Petersburg would grant him favorable terms of peace. But the autocrat delayed to return an answer to his proposals, undoubtedly in the belief that the tremendous power of the climate would soon fight the great battle for him, and give him the victory. The main Russian army, in the mean time, and for the same reasons, remained quiet, and with the exception of slight skirmishing parties, gave the French no trouble. But on the 13th of October a fall of snow aroused Napoleon to a sense of his danger, and he began in earnest to make preparations for retreat.

The moment the French army began their retrograde movement, the Russians were upon them from every direction, and a series of disastrous engagements ensued. At last, on the 24th, Napoleon found that his retreat was cut off by so powerful a force that it was necessary to fall back upon another road, and pursue another direction. On this occasion the Emperor's agitation was so great, it was said his attendants dared not approach him. He went into the little cottage which constituted his head-quarters, and sent for three of his generals. When they came, Napoleon was sitting by a table with a map of the country before him, and after some few remarks, he became meditative, and resting his cheeks on his hands, and his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on the map and remained nearly an hour in moody silence. The three generals, respecting his mental suffering, remained silent the whole time. At last the Emperor suddenly started up & dismissed them without making known his intentions. But the fatal retreat was resolved upon, and early on the morning of the 26th the men silently and mournfully commenced their march.

"The weather, though cold and frosty at night, had hitherto been bright and clear during the day: but on the 6th of November the Russian winter set in with unwonted severity. Cold fogs at first rose from the surface of the ground, and obscured the face of the sun; a few flakes of snow floated in the air; and gradually the light of day declined, and a thick, murky gloom overspread the firmament. The wind rose and blew with frightful violence, howling through the forest or sweeping over the plains with resistless fury; the snow soon covered the earth, and numbers of the troops, in struggling forward, fell into hollows or ditches which were concealed by the treacherous surface, and perished miserably before the eyes of their comrades; others were swallowed up in the moving masses of snow which, like the sands of the desert, accompanied the fatal blast. The soldiers were accustomed to death in its ordinary forms, but there was something that appalled the stoutest hearts in the uniformity of this boundless wilderness, which, like a vast winding-sheet, seemed ready to envelop the whole army. Exhausted with fatigue or transfixed with cold, they sank by thousands on the road, while clouds of ravens and troops of dogs that had followed the army from Moscow, screeched and howled along the march, and often fastened on the victims before life was extinct. The only objects visible above the snow were the tall pines, which, with their gigantic stems and funeral foliage, cast a darker horror over the scene, and seemed to rise up like frowning and gloomy monuments to mark the grave of the expiring host. As night approached, the sufferings of the soldiers increased: they sought in vain for the shelter of a rock, the cover of a friendly habitation, or the warmth of a cheerful fire; and although at intervals, a blaze might be seen in the bivouac, it flashed with a sickly light, and served but to prepare a miserable meal of rye, mixed with snow-water and horse flesh, for the starving multitude."

After giving the details of various battles and disasters of the retreating army, Alison winds up the sad story as follows:

"Wittgenstein was more successful. By his first charge he drove Victor to a retreat, and as the only avenue of escape lay across the two bridges over the Beresina, those conveyances were immediately thronged with a confused mass of fugitives, who trampled each other in their flight, and blockaded the passage by the madness of their efforts. As the Russian corps successively gained ground, their batteries formed a vast semi-circle, which played incessantly on the bridges, and augmented to desperation the terror of the multitude who were struggling to cross over. In the midst of this confusion, the artillery bridge broke down, and the crowds upon it, being pressed forward by those in the rear, were precipitated into the water and drowned. Infantry, cavalry and artillery now rushed upon the other bridge, and dashed upon their horses and gun-carriages through the mass of people, crushing some beneath the wheels and horses' feet, like victims before the car of Juggernaut, and pushing others over the sides of the bridge.

In these moments of agony, all varieties of character were exhibited—selfishness with its baseness, cowardice with its meanness, and heroism with its power and generosity. Soldiers seized infants from expiring mothers, and vowed to adopt them as their own; officers harnessed themselves to sledges, to extricate their wounded companions; privates threw themselves on the snow beside their dying officers, and strove, at the risk of incurring captivity or death, to solace their last moments. In the midst of this terrific scene, Victor, who had nobly sustained the arduous duty of covering the retreat during the whole day, arrived with the rear-guard at the entrance of the bridge. His troops, with stern severity, opened a passage for themselves through the helpless multitude who thronged the bridge and the shore adjoining it, whom despair and misery had at length rendered incapable of exertion, and who now could neither be persuaded nor forced to cross to the opposite bank. These horrors continued throughout the night, and when the morning dawned, Victor saw the Russian advance guard approaching; the destruction of the bridge, therefore, became indispensable, to the safety of the French army, and orders were given to burn it. A frightful cry arose from the host on the eastern shore of the river, who were too late awakened to the realities of their situation: numbers rushed on the burning bridge, and, to avoid the flames, jumped into the water, while the greater proportion wandered in helpless misery along the river, and beheld their last hopes expire with the receding columes of their countrymen.

This dreadful passage of the Beresina completed the ruin of the Grand Army, which lost during its continuance, twenty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen thousand men in prisoners, and twelve thousand in slain. The corps of Victor Oudinot were reduced to the deplorable state of the troops that came from Moscow, and the whole army, having lost all appearance of military order, marched in a confused mass along the road to Wilna, harrassed at each step by the Cossacks, who cut off every straggler and made constant attacks on the rear-guard. In the midst of the general ruin, a number of officers organized themselves into a guard, called the Sacred Squadron, for the Emperor's protection. The gentlemen who composed it discharged with heroic fidelity the task assigned to them, and executed without murmuring all the duties of common soldiers: but the severity of the cold soon destroyed their horses, and they, as well as the Emperor, were again compelled to pursue their route on foot thro' the snow. At night, their bivouac was formed in the middle of the still unbroken squares of the Old Guard, who sat around the watch-fires on their haversacks, with their elbows on their knees, their heads resting on their hands, and crowding close together, strove by assuming this posture to repress the pangs of hunger and gain additional warmth.

On the 5th of December, Napoleon arrived at Smorgoni. He there collected his marshals around him, dictated a bulletin which fully developed the horrors and disasters of the retreat, explained his reasons for immediately returning to Paris—which were connected with a conspiracy soon to be related—and after bidding them all an affectionate farewell, set out in a sledge at ten o'clock in the evening for the French capital, accompanied by Caulincourt & Lobau, leaving the command of the army to Murat.

The departure of the Emperor increased the disorganization of the troops. The officers ceased to obey their generals, the generals disregarded the marshals, and the marshals set at defiance the authority of Murat. The private soldiers, relieved from the duty of protecting their Emperor, forgot everything but the instinct of self-preservation.—The colonels hid the eagles in their haversacks or buried them in the ground; the inferior officers dispersed themselves to look after their own safety; and indeed nothing was thought of but the urgent pangs of hunger and the terrible severity of the cold. If a soldier dropped, his comrads instantly fell on him, and, before life was extinct, tore from him his cloak, his money, and the bread he carried in his bosom; when he died, some one of them would sit on his body for the sake of the temporary warmth it afforded; and when it became cold, he, too, would often drop beside his companion to rise no more. The watch-fires at night were surrounded by exhausted men, who crowded like spectres about the blazing piles; and, in the morning, the melancholy bivouacs were marked by circles of bodies as lifeless as the ashes at their feet.

Nevertheless, the fatal retreat continued to Wilna; and although between Smorgoni and that city no less than twenty thousand men in straggling detachments had joined the army, scarcely forty thousand in all reached its gates. Here, the troops found an abundance of food; but they had scarcely begun to refresh themselves from the immense magazines that the city contained, when the roar of the Russian cannon compelled them to renew their flight. They rushed out of the gates on the evening of December 10, and at the foot of the first hill beyond the town abandoned the remainder of their cannon and wagons, including the equipage of Napoleon and the treasure-chest of the army. The Russians immediately took possession of Wilna, and found within its walls, in addition to a large amount of magazines and military stores, fourteen thousand soldiers and two hundred and fifty officers, who preferred surrendering as prisoners of war to continuing their march.

On the 12th of December the army arrived at Kowno, on the Neimen, and on the 13th, they passed over the river. As the covering force in the rear, under the command of Ney, defiled across the bridge, it was seen that the remnant of the Imperial Guard consisted of but three hundred men. Before quitting Kowno, Ney seized a musket, and made a final stand with the few men he could rally around him. He maintained his post for several hours against the whole Russians advanced guard: when the retreat of all the men who would march was secured, he slowly retired; and he was the last man of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.

The first halting place on the German side of the Nieman was Gumbinnen; and General Mathieu Dumas had just entered the house of a French physician in that town, when a man followed him wrapped in a large cloak, having a long beard, his visage blackened by gunpowder, his whiskers half burned by fire, but his eyes sparkling with undecayed lustre. "At last, then, here I am," said the stranger: "what! Gen. Dumas, do you not know me? I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown into the Neimen the last gun we possessed; and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forests."

The scattered French troops continued to retreat through the Polish territories, still hunted down by the Russians and Cossacks. They made a brief stand at Konningsberg, and, hastening thence with an additional loss of ten thousand men, they finally reached Dantzic in the latter part of January, 1813, when the Russians gave over the pursuit. The losses of the French in this disastrous campaign may be thus estimated:

Slain in battle, 125,000; Died of cold and famine, 132,000; Prisoners, soldiers, 190,000; Prisoners, officers, 3,000; Prisoners, Generals, 48. Total, 450,048.

From the Weekly Herald and Philanthropist.

Serious Difficulties in Tunis.

By late advices from Tunis, we learn that a serious question is now agitating that state.

It is well known that formerly, the Barbary States were in the habit of pirating on the vessels of Christian nations, and reducing their crews to slavery.—Large numbers of Englishmen and Americans, from time to time, fell into their hands. Some of these were released, through the interference of their respective Governments: others continued in slavery; and their children after them. Of these, some obtained their freedom in one way, some in another; and, although despised as a degraded caste, occasionally intermarried with the natives. Quite a number of this mixed breed has for an indefinite period resided in Tunis; although under many disabilities. Tunis, it is known, has lately abolished slavery, but still, public sentiment regards these freed people of American and English descent, as an inferior caste. It is true, they have now very little American or English blood in them; having been born on the soil. In complexion, features, &c. they can scarcely be distinguished from the natives. Still, they are *called, white* people, and that is enough.

The difficulty to which we allude arose on this wise. The Tunisians are great sticklers for *equality of rights*. In order to secure the possession of this blessing, they have established a common-school system, the laws respecting which are so framed, as to embrace within their scope *all* classes in their community. They say, that education is absolutely essential to the peace and well-being of society, and the perpetuation of their glorious institutions.

Very lately, the class of persons, above described, finding their property taxed for the benefit of these schools, and, understanding that the law secured to them the privilege of having their children educated, attempted to avail themselves of this privilege. The children sent to school were as *deeply colored* as any of the natives, and, in fact, could not be distinguished from them: but, the Board of Trustees, ascertaining from the names, that they were of English and American descent, said they could not stand it.—Law or no law, it would not do to suffer the children of the noble race of Tunisians with unmingled African blood flowing in their veins, to learn their lessons in the same school-house, with these *white* Americans and English.

Then the press took up the subject.—"Public sentiment, is said, has more to do with their matter than law." We care not what the Bey may prescribe, or the Tribunal decide: "public sentiment is the only competent tribunal to settle public prejudices, if you choose to call them so, peaceably. Persons, no matter how Tunisian in color, form, and feature, if they are excluded from a certain circle on account of blood, and associate with Americans and English waive *de facto*, any rights, socially, themselves. What is accorded to them must be of grace, not of right." The law speaks differently, to be sure, but in this case, we, the Tunisian people, of pure African blood, are a law unto ourselves.

The upshot of the matter was, the schools were preserved from this taint—and the Holy men of Mahomet, forthwith began to talk of the necessity of exporting to the United States these unclean people, because of their degradation—for, said they, their barbarous ancestors came from that country some century and a half ago—and that is their father-land.

By the next advices we expect to learn, that a cargo of tawny Tunisians of this class, are on their way to their brethren in this country. The Colonization Societies will doubtless welcome them with the fraternal hug.

Support your own County Papers!—The competition of the mammoth New York papers is ruinously affecting the country press. Those politicians who are endeavoring to force the circulation of city papers, simply because they are furnished cheap, are doing more to break down than to build up their party. There can be no efficient local organization without local newspapers.—And without efficient local organizations no party can succeed. We are therefore surprised at the conduct of those leading politicians eastward who are endeavoring to crowd off local papers because city printers can send out larger papers at cheaper rates. There is a great deal to be said upon this subject but we have no spare room now to say it.—*Roch. Dem.*

Twenty-Eighth Congress.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

Washington, Jan. 16th, 1844.

Gentlemen:—The week now closing has been occupied almost entirely, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, in debates, presenting, of course, but few events fitted for descriptive report, unless your correspondent should descend to a narration of some of the petty personal squabbles, which do no honor to those concerned, and would hardly comport with the consistent and elevated aims of your paper.

Gen. Jackson's Fine.

The sole business of Monday, in the House, was the passage of the bill for repaying to General Jackson the $1000 fine imposed on him by Judge Hall, of the United States District Court, for a contempt of court, about the time of the battle of New Orleans, and connected with the measures taken by Gen. J. for the defense of that city. There was a strong desire on the part of the more active friends of the bill, to pass it through the House on the 8th, the anniversary of the battle. For this purpose the rules of the House were suspended, and all other business set aside, by a vote of 117 to 59, after which, and a good deal of debate and management, of no consequence to describe, the bill was passed by the unexpected vote of 158 to 28. The greater part of the whigs, it will be seen, voted for the bill; some, I suppose, because they thought the fine was an act of personal revenge and never ought to have been imposed; some because their constituents are in favor of the return; and others because they thought it the best policy to vote for it and put the question, as a bone of contention, at rest. For one, I am glad it is settled, and have no doubt it is settled the best way. The bill will doubtless now pass the Senate without any determined opposition.

That Twenty-first Rule.

During the remainder of the week, the question of the disposal to be made of the report, by the Select Committee, of a new code of rules, has occupied what is called the morning hour. The practice is, as soon as the Journal of the preceding day is read, each member who has business to forward, presents it, and endeavors to get the unanimous consent of the House for its reception and disposal, whether it be a petition, resolution, bill, or report of a committee.

The question before the House, is Mr. Dromgoole's motion to re-commit the report, with Mr. Black's motion to instruct Committee to restore the 25th (old 21st) rule. Mr. Wise, the original chairman of the Select Committee, who was out of town when the report was made, now asked leave to submit a minority report, declaring at the same time that he did not wish any delay or postponement on that account. The leave was granted without a negative, of course.

Mr. A. V. Brown, of Tennessee, who had the floor, immediately suggested that there ought to be a delay, on this account: whereupon. Mr. Clinton, of N. Y., moved to postpone the subject for three weeks. The various questions and points of order growing out of this attempt at evasion, soon swamped the Speaker, who is neither quick nor discriminating enough for his post; and to help him out by cutting the knot, Mr. Brown, of Indiana, moved to lay the whole subject on the table, i. e. dismiss it at once. But again this motion was voted down, yeas 76, nays 107.—One would think this steady majority of thirty votes would satisfy these gentlemen of the fixed determination of the House to emancipate themselves from the gag rule. But it was not so. On Wednesday the motion to postpone was pressed, perseveringly, until a pointed remark of Mr. Adams shamed them out of it, and the motion was withdrawn, and the debate proceded.

The next method of relief is for the Speaker to give the floor exclusively to one side of the question. He seems to have eyes and ears for no other. On Wednesday we heard Mr. A. V. Brown, on Thursday Mr. Rhett and Mr. Bidlack, on Friday Mr. Bidlack and Mr. Belsher, and on Saturday Mr. Belsher and Mr. Cobb—all slaveholders but Mr. Bidlack, and he a Northern man, who has always voted for the gag until now that he varies. * * * *

Mr. Bidlack, of Pennsylvania, said he had heretofore supported the Rule with reluctance, on the appeals of Southern gentlemen of both parties, but he had not met that undivided support from the South he had been encouraged to expect. He considered it a mere question of expediency. If the South, as the gentleman from Virginia had said, will agree upon any manner of fighting this battle—if battle they are determined to call it—and will come up to the work, and fire when we fire, (said Mr. B) and not retreat—ay, *retreat*, did I say?—not go over to the enemy and fire, then I will maintain my position in that battle, and fight to the last. But if this was not done, was Mr. B. to be obliged to stand in a position on the field which he was thoroughly convinced was not the position in which he could serve his country. When those who said they were most interested in the subject would not come up and sustain him in that position, was he not at liberty to take another position? He was in favor of re-commitment, but without instructions, in the hope that the Committee would substitute Pinckney's rule, under which abolition petitions were received and laid on the table, without any action thereon.

Mr. Belsher, of Alabama, said the House in every manner had been trying to get rid of this trash, and to fall back upon Pinckney's rule, would be to try again a remedy that had already failed. As a representative of the South, he was in favor of the rule as it stood, or of no rule. If they could not have the Constitutional guaranty in this matter; if it was once admitted by this body that these petitioners had the right to come in here with their incendiary matter; if they had the right to bring these petitions into this Hall, then they had the right to have them referred, reported on, and discussed. The only true Constitutional ground was to say to these petitioners, the Constitution does not authorize you to appear upon this floor. If this House determined otherwise, Mr. B. said, let them have no rule. If the first step was taken, the spirit of abolition, which even denied Southern preachers to enter into the temples of God at the North, would drive gentlemen from the position which they had assumed. Whenever they had achieved the triumph of having their petitions laid on the table, the next thing would be that they must debate and refer these petitions on this floor; and, step by step, they would be driven like mariners upon an ocean of experiments, without either chart or compass to direct them.—There was but one ground for the South to take on this question—the rule as it is or no rule.

Improvements in the West.

There has been a very excursive debate, yet unfinished, in regard to the harbor and river improvements of the West. I cannot, however, do justice to it by any brief abstract. It is evident, however, that the West is here in great strength, but lit-